



## INTIMATIONS.

CHINESE IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT SILVER LOAN OF 1884.

LOAN B.

## FIRST DRAWING.

**N**OTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in conformity with the stipulation contained in the Bonds of this Loan, the following Numbers of Bonds to be paid off at PAR at the Office of the HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION, in Hongkong, on the 20th day of June, 1888, the interest thereon will cease to be payable, were this day drawn at the Office of the said Corporation in Hongkong in the presence of Mr. WILLIAM HENRY GASKELL, Acting Chief Accountant of the said Corporation, and of the undersigned Notary.

## NUMBERS OF BONDS DRAWN:

	976 BONDS Nos.—
2781	2762 2793 2784 2800 2801 2804
2805	2809 2810 2813 2817 2820 2824
2825	2826 2827 2833 2836 2837 2842
2845	2846 2847 2851 2852 2853 2857
2851	2851 2852 2853 2854 2855 2857
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2954	2955 2960 2961 2962 2968 2969
2970	2971 2977 2980 2981 2985 2987
2987	2993 2997 2999 3001 3002 3007
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3305	3312 3313 3314 3315 3321 3322
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5690	5586 5



## EXTRACTS.

## TINTINABULUM DALY.

(By a Schoolboy.)

Little Daly only being the third form, it must be clearly understood that I don't make a friend of him; but he has crossed my line of vision frequently this term owing to a domestic affliction. Nor do I make any apology for sending this communication about him to the printer, as it is always interesting to study the ways of the young.

A long while before he came to us for advice Tintinabulum Daly was sentent of coming disaster, and used to wander about, gloomily, speaking to nobody. This I did not observe at the time, having other things to occupy my attention than the sorrows of youth, which are soon dissipated in a transient ray of sunshine; but I heard of it afterwards. There is nothing I hate more than to brag about myself; believing that, if I am somewhat above the common herd, my writings may safely be left to speak for themselves. For purposes of lucidity, however, I must mention that in the school I have a well-founded reputation for literary expression; so the fellows often request me to write a letter for them when they have anything particular to say. That was what Tintinabulum came to me to get me to do. The poor little beggar was most respectful, and so I gave him communication more consideration than he could have expected. His people live in India, and they sent him over to England to his Uncle Bob, who promised to have him educated and looked after. Tintinabulum's Uncle Bob is a widower; and, unfortunately for things have turned out, he became devoted to my young acquaintance, who returned the affection, little thinking what it would lead to. For conceive Tintinabulum's humiliation when he hears that his Uncle Bob is to be married again! The little fellow tried to keep it quiet; but soon it leaked out in the third form, and after that the other little boys nearly frightened Tintinabulum's life out. When he told me what they said, he tried to hide my knuckles—such was his anguish; but of course I couldn't stand that. Cook Terius told him that he would be expected to go on the honeymoon with his uncle, and Shubby Tomlinson said as likely as not they would want to call the first baby after him. So naturally Tintinabulum was in a state of being a manly youth, though a junior.

Tintinabulum wanted us to write a letter to his Uncle Bob saying that he hoped he would be happy and all that, but showing that it was out of the question Daly's going with them on the honeymoon as there was a role of the shoot against it. Of course I smiled at Tintinabulum's juvenile ideas on the subject of matrimony, which is an honourable state for; but, unfortunately to arrange matters I assumed a serious responsibility; the happiness of several lives being at stake, and old Wilkins, as usual, the watch to spoil everything. I told Tintinabulum, though, that there was no disgrace in marriage if properly conducted, and also that if they wanted to call a baby after him he would have to stand it, as many a good man has had to before.

At the time Daly made his revelations to me I was barely on speaking terms with Wilkins owing to the way he had been going on. Those readers who have devoured my previous articles will know pretty well by this time the kind of man Wilkins is, always giving way to passion; and they may learn with astonishment that I gave him another chance. Cotton Second found out that Wilkins was fifty years of age on the 21st of April; so we presented him with an illuminated address printed in three colours by Tommy Russell, who has a gift at printing, though he makes an awful mess of his fingers and is good for nothing else. Wilkins's age being fifty, we called it his jubilee year, and flattered him down to the ground, thinking to get a holiday out of him. Though I say it, who should not, it was the noblest performance I ever composed; calling him a proctector who ruled by love instead of fear, and saying that he was one of nature's gentlemen. Wilkins published a book about Cicero this year, which is poorly written, the English being clumsy in the extreme—altogether a slovenly work, which we cannot recommend to our readers; but in the address we puffed it, and said it ought soon to get into a second edition. The address ended with a sentence that should have affected Wilkins, as it pointed out that, in the course of nature, he would soon be taken from us; but we would always keep his memory as a green oasis in our hearts. The whole thing was so complimentary that I departed from my usual custom when communicating with Wilkins, and put my initials at the end to show him whom he was indebted to for the address. Half an hour after he got it, however, he came banging into the schoolroom, calling out for me; and the scene that ensued was so unwholly a man of his years that I forbore to tell on it. Suffice it to say that my relations with Wilkins are now more strained than ever; nor shall I waste paper on him again. I have described this painful affair because, after Tintinabulum left me, I concocted a scheme well calculated to help my young acquaintance and, at the same time to humiliates Wilkins. Glancing carelessly through my earlier writings, I do not see that I have recorded the fact of Misses being Wilkins's second wife. I am one of those bachelors who look upon second marriages with pain and abhorrence; so I did not stir me that I wrote out a letter for Tintinabulum to copy and send to his Uncle Bob in which I advised the latter to break off his engagement. I should do the same a good turn, while by referring to a sealed way to Wilkins's second marriage I should rile my proctor, who reads all the letters (unless they are posted on the fly). And I didn't mention Wilkins by name that he took his revenge on me by way of young jests at present living with him. Tintinabulum copied this out, and I made him promise not to tell who had put him into such a difficult position.

He is a plain, unvarnished account of an event which made a lasting impression on my mind. That it was no hoax was evident from the numbed appearance of the body, which was robust health when put into the box. If any one can explain this I shall be very glad to hear from him.

On the day following the jester's re-appearance he was nowhere to be seen. He had disappeared so no one knew where. I have never since heard of or come across him. Since then he has been in vain. Though far from a clever man, Wilkins has the most extraordinary faculty for detecting my hand in any underhanding, and he spotted it in Tintinabulum's letter at once. We had another row; but I didn't mind it, for I could see that he felt the allusions by the way he ran at me when I said that I didn't mean the remark about a suspected friend to refer to him.

Tintinabulum has recovered his buoyant disposition again, for his Uncle Bob is not to take him with them on the honeymoon; and the youth is grateful to me, thinking my letter did it. Nevertheless, I know Wilkins too well to believe that he ever sent the letter off.—*St. James's Gazette.*

## EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

There is a widespread belief among the sages of India that man possesses the power of will to such an extent that he can throw himself into a trance so deeply simulating death as to be altogether indistinguishable from it, except by the learned in the mysterious art. This is a subject which has not been studied by European scientists in this country to the extent to which it deserves until very recently, and only since the apostles of that much-maligned persuasion—Theosophy—directed attention to it. It is known that I am not a Theosophist, but being of a speculative turn of mind, I have studied their writings for the mere pleasure of the thing, and in the hope of picking up something new. What I am about to de-

cribe I am prepared to see characterized as so much rotundating. Nevertheless, I assert that the noble thing is true as there is a sun, and I was a witness of it with many hundreds of others.

About fourteen years ago I was sojourning in a native State remarkable for the enlightened policy of its ruler. I there made friends with many learned natives, and among them there was an aged Mahomedan woman of deep erudition, with whom I used to have long arguments on various subjects. One day he came to me in a great state of excitement and said that a native who was the most wonderful man he had ever seen or heard of; that he was going to die in that very city, and would be buried in the hills, for he died at that moment.

I go and witness his death, burial, and resurrection? Here was an announcement made by a sane man in all the simple earnestness of conviction, but which taxed my credulity severely. However, I expressed my willingness to witness this astounding event; but my friend suggested that I should make the acquaintance of the jester—for such he was—before he died. I was only too glad to do so, and accompanied my friend to the house of the jester. When we got there, I was presented to a man who spoke English fluently, so that we had no difficulty about conversing together. He appeared to be a man about forty years of age, in the full vigour of manhood; clean shaven—including his head, with a light beard. His eyes were bright, and his cheeks. His eyes were bright, and his eager and intelligent, and lighted up whole countenance. While talking upon some little known points of Indian or any other history, from any time after the flood, he with a great effort I preserved my gravity, for this whispered communication gravely, nearly threw me off my balance. I was, however, able to hold my ground, and the jester, who had been laughing at my balance, said to me, "I will begin with Julius Caesar, and asked the jester if he knew who struck the first blow. He said history was right in some particulars, but it was Brutus who struck first. He (the jester) was there at the time, and saw the blow struck. I was staggered, but maintained my gravity and equilibrium, and asked if he knew Brigham Young. He confessed he had not the honour of that prophet's acquaintance; but volunteered a lot of information about Lord Clive (with whom he said he was personally acquainted), and about the landing of the first Englishmen on the Madras coast. After some further conversation I took my leave, and was disturbed in mind at what I had heard. A few days after my visit to the jester, I received intimation through my Mahomedan friend that on a certain day the jester would die, and requesting my attendance. Of course I went, and found a great crowd of people assembled; the news having got abroad. The Mahara was there, having made ready to be presented with a raised platform sort of arrangement, with a number of his chelas (pupils) around him. After conversing with them in a low tone, he expressed himself if ready to die. At this stage the excitement among the people present was intense. He began by swinging himself backward and forward by a slow motion, the chelas chanting a sort of dirge all the while. Gradually this motion ceased, and he drew a deep breath through his nose when he became rigid and his eyes closed. The man was dead to all outward appearance. The chelas led him on his back and turned back his tongue, so that it closed over the windpipe. A coarse sack was then brought into which the jester was placed in a sitting posture. The mouth of the sack was then tied with a string, and the knot sealed with the Mahara's seal. A box was then brought into which the sack containing the jester was placed. It was then locked and sealed. It was, as far as we could see, in perfect order, and requesting my attendance. Of course I went, and found a great crowd of people assembled; the news having got abroad. The Mahara was there, having made ready to be presented with a raised platform sort of arrangement, with a number of his chelas (pupils) around him. After conversing with them in a low tone, he expressed himself if ready to die. At this stage the excitement among the people present was intense. He began by swinging himself backward and forward by a slow motion, the chelas chanting a sort of dirge all the while. Gradually this motion ceased, and he drew a deep breath through his nose when he became rigid and his eyes closed. The man was dead to all outward appearance. The chelas led him on his back and turned back his tongue, so that it closed over the windpipe. A coarse sack was then brought into which the jester was placed in a sitting posture. The mouth of the sack was then tied with a string, and the knot sealed with the Mahara's seal. A box was then brought into which the sack containing the jester was placed. It was then locked and sealed. It was, as far as we could see, in perfect order,

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